The Land of Broken Promises

A Stirring Story of the Mexican Revolution

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SYNOPSIS.

Bud Hooker and Phil De Lancey are forced, owing to a revolution in Mexico, to give up their mining claim and return to the United States. In the border town of Gadsden Bud meets Henry Kruger, a wealthy miner, who makes him a proposition to return to Mexico to acquire title to a very rich mine which Kruger had blown up when he found he had been cheated out of the title by one Aragon. The Mexican subsequently spent a large sum in an unsuccessful attempt to relocate the vein and then allowed the land to revert for taxes. Hooker and Le Lancey arrive at Fortuna near where the mine, known as the Eagle Tail, is located. They engage the services of Cruz Mendez, who has been friendly to Kruger, to acquire the title for them and get a permit to do preliminary work. Aragon protests and accuses them of jumping his claim. Bud discovers that matrimonial entanglements make it impossible for Mendez to secure a valid title to the land. Phil, who has become interested in Aragon's daughter, Gracia, decides to turn Mexican and get the title in his own name.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

Undoubtedly, in his own way, he was in love—but he would never admit it, that he knew, too. So he sank down on the blankets and swore harshly, while De Lancey stared at him in unfeigned surprise.

"Well, then," he went on, taking Bud's answer for granted, "what're you making such a row about? Can't I go to a dance, with a girl without you jumping down my throat?"

"W'y, sure you can!" rumbled Bud, now hot with a new indignation; "but after getting me to go into this deal against my will and swearing me to some damn-fool pledge, the first thing you do is to make friends with Aragon and then make love to his daughter. Is that your idea of helping things along? D'ye think that's the way a pardner ought to act? No, I tell you, it is not!"

"Aw, Bud," protested De Lancey plaintively, "what's the matter with you? Be reasonable, old man; I never meant to hurt your feelings!"

"Hurt my feelings!" echoed Hooker scornfully. "Huh, what are we down here for, anyway—a Sunday school picnic? My feelings are nothing, and they can wait; but we're sitting on a mine that's worth a million dollars mebbe—and it ain't ours, either—and when you throw in with old Aragon and go to making love to his daughter you know you're not doing right! That's all there is to it—you're doing me and Kruger dirt!"

"Well, Bud,' said De Lancey with mock gravity, "if that's the way you feel about it I won't do it any more!"

"I wish you wouldn't," breathed Bud, raising his head from his hands; "it sure wears me out, Phil, worrying about it."

"Well, then, I won't do it," protested Phil sincerely. "So that's settled—now who's going to turn Mexican citizen?"

"Suit yourself," said Bud listlessly.

"I'll match you for it!" proposed De Lancey, diving into his pocket for money.

"Don't need to," responded Bud; "you can do what you please."

"No; I'll match you!" persisted Phil. "That was the agreement—whenever

She Gave Me Her Hand and Away We Went.

it was an even break we'd let the money talk. Here's your quarter—and if I match you I'll become the Mexican citizen. All set? Let 'er go!"

He flipped the coin into the air and caught it in his hand.

"Heads!" he called, without looking at it. "What you got?"

"Heads!" answered Bud, and Phil chucked his money into the air again and laughed as it dropped into his palm.

"Heads she is again!" he cried, showing the Mexican eagle; "I never did see the time when I couldn't match you, anyway. So now, old socks, you can keep right on being a Texan and hating Mexicans like horny toads, and I'll denounce the Eagle Tail the minute the time is up. And I won't go near the Aragon outfit unless you're with me—is that a go? All right, shake hands on it, pard! I wouldn't quarrel with you for anything!"

"Aw, that's all right," mumbled Bud, rising and holding out his hand. "I knowed you didn't mean nothing." He sat down again after that and gazed drearily out the door.

"Say, Bud," began Phil, his eyes sparkling with amusement, "I've got something to tell you about that dance last night. If I didn't put the crusher on Mr. Feliz Luna and Manuel del Rey! Wow! I sure wished you were there to see me do it!

"This Felix Luna is the son of an old sugar planter down in the hot country somewhere. He got run out by the revoltosos and now he's up here trying to make a winning with Gracia Aragon—uniting two noble families, and all that junk. Well, sir, of all the conceited, swelled-up little squirts you ever saw in your life he's the limit, and yet the old man kind of favors him.

"But this Manuel del Rey is the captain of the rurales around here and a genuine Mexican fire-eater—all buckskin and fierce mustachios, and smells like chili peppers and garlic—and the two of 'em were having it back and forth as to who got the next dance with Gracia.

"Well, you know how it is at a Mexican dance—everybody is supposed to be introduced to everybody else—and when I saw those two young turkey-cocks talking with their hands and eyebrows and everybody else backing off, I stepped in close and looked at the girl.

"And she's some girl, too, believe me! The biggest brown eyes you ever saw in your life, a complexion like cream, and hair—well, there never was such hair! She was fanning herself real slow, and in the language of the fan that means: 'This don't interest me a bit!' So, just to show her I was wise, I pulled out my handkerchief and dropped it on the floor, and when she saw me she stopped and began to count the ribs in her fan. That was my cue—it meant she wanted to speak with me—so I stepped up and said:

"'Excuse me, senorita, but while the gentlemen talk—and if the senora, your mother, will permit—perhaps we can enjoy a dance?'

"And say, Bud, you should have seen the way she rose to it. The girl is a sport, believe me, and the idea of those two novios chewing the rag while she sat out the dance didn't appeal to her at all. So she gave me her hand and away we went, with all the old ladies talking behind their fans and Manuel del Rey blowing up like a volcano in a bunch of carambas or worse. Gee, it was great, and she could dance like a queen.

"But here's the interesting part of it—what do you think she asked me, after we'd had our little laugh? Well, you don't need to get so grouchy about it—she asked about you!"

"Aw!"

"Yes, she did! So you see what you get for throwing her down!"

"What did she ask?"

"Well, she asked"—here he stopped and laughed—"she asked if you were a cowboy!"

"No!" cried Bud, pleased in spite of himself; "what does she know about cowboys?"

"Oh, she's wise!" declared Phil; "she's been to school twice in Los Angeles and seen the wild west show. Yes, sir, she's just like an American girl and speaks English perfectly. She told me she didn't like the Mexican men—they were too stuck on themselves—and say, Bud, when I told her you were a genuine Texas cowboy, what do you think she said?"

"W'y, I don't know," answered Bud, smiling broadly in anticipation; "what did she say?"

"She said she'd like to know you!"

"She did not!" came back Bud with sudden spirit.

Then he laughed the thought away, a great burden seemed to be lifted from his heart, and he found himself happy again.

CHAPTER X.

To an American, accustomed to getting things done first and talking about it afterward, there is nothing so subtly irritating as the old-world formalism, the polite evasiveness of the Mexicans; and yet, at times, they can speak to the point with the best of us.

For sixty days Don Cipriano Aragon had smiled and smiled and then, suddenly, as the last day of their mining permit passed by and there was no record of a denouncement by Cruz Mendez, he appeared at the Eagle Tail mine with a pistol in his belt and a triumphant sneer on his lips.

Behind him rode four Mexicans, fully armed, and they made no reply to De Lancey's polite "Buenos dias!"

"Take your poor things," burst out Aragon, pointing contemptuously at their tent and beds, "and your low, pelado Mexican—and go! This mine no longer stands in the name of Cruz Mendez, and I want it for myself! No, not a word!" he cried, as De Lancey opened his mouth to explain. "Nothing! Only go!"

"No, senor," said Hooker, dropping his hand to his six-shooter which hung low by his leg and stepping forward, "we will not go!"

"What?" stormed Aragon, "you—"

"Be careful there!" warned Bud, suddenly fixing his eyes on one of the four retainers. "If you touch that gun I'll kill you!"

There was a pause, in which the Mexicans sat frozen to their saddles, and then De Lancey broke the silence.

"You must not think, Senor Aragon," he began, speaking with a certain bitterness, "that you can carry your point like this. My friend here is a Texan, and if your men stir he will kill them. But there is a law in this country for every man—what is it that you want?"

"I want this mining claim," shouted Aragon, "that you have so unjustly taken from me through that scoundrel Mendez! And I want you to step aside, so that I can set up my monuments and take possession of it."

"The Senor Aragon has not been to the agente mineral today," suggested De Lancey suavely. "If he had taken the trouble he would not—"

"Enough!" cried Aragon, still trying to carry it off cavalierly; "I sent my servant to the mining agent yesterday and he reported that the permit had lapsed."

"If he had taken the pains to inquire for new permits, however," returned De Lancey, "he would have found that one has been issued to me. I am now a Mexican citizen, like yourself."

"You!" screamed Aragon, his eyes bulging with astonishment; and then, finding himself tricked, he turned suddenly upon one of his retainers and struck him with his whip.

"Son of a goat!" he stormed. "Pig! Is this the way you obey my orders?"

But though he raved and scolded, he had gone too far, and there was no putting the blame on his servant. In his desire to humiliate the hated gringos he had thrown down all his guards, and even De Lancey saw all too clearly what his intentions in the matter had been.

"Spare your cursing, Senor Aragon," he said, "and after this," he added, "you can save your pretty words, too—for somebody else. We shall remain here and hold our property."

"Ha! You Americans!" exclaimed Aragon, as he chewed bitterly on his defeat. "You will rob us of everything—even our government. So you are a Mexican citizen, eh? You must value this barren mine very highly to give up the protection of your government. But perhaps you are acquainted with a man named Kruger?" he sneered.

"He would sell his honor any time to defraud a Mexican of his rights, and I doubt not it was he who sent you here. Yes, I have known it from the first—but I will fool him yet!

"So you are a Mexican citizen, Senor De Lancey? Bien, then you shall pay the full price of your citizenship. Before our law you are now no more than that poor pelado, Mendez. You cannot appeal now to your consul at Gadsden—you are only a Mexican! Very well!"

He shrugged his shoulders and smiled significantly.

"No," retorted De Lancey angrily; "you are right—I cannot appeal to my government! But let me tell you something, Senor Mexicano! An American needs no government to protect him—he has his gun, and that is enough!"

"Yes,' added Bud, who had caught the drift of the last, "and he has his friends, too; don't forget that!" He strode over toward Aragon and menaced him with a threatening finger.

"If anything happens to my friend," he hissed, "you will have me to whip! And now, senor," he added, speaking in the idiom of the country, "go with God—and do not come back!"

"Pah!" spat back Aragon, his hate for the pushing foreigner showing in every glance; "I will beat you yet! And I pray God the revoltosos come this way, if they take the full half of my cattle—so long as they get you two!"

"Very well," nodded Bud as Aragon and his men turned away, "but be careful you do not send any!"

"Good!" he continued, smiling grimly at the pallid Phil; "now we got him where we want him—out in the open. And I'll just remember them four paisanos he had with him—they're his handy men, the boys with nerve—and don't never let one of 'em catch you out after dark."

De Lancey sat down on a rock and wiped his face.

"Heavens, Bud," he groaned, "I never would have believed it of him—I thought he was on the square. But it just goes to prove the old saying—every Mexican has got a streak of yellow in him somewhere. All you've go to do is to trust him long enough and you'll find it out. Well, we're hep to Mr. Aragon, all right!"

"I never seen one of these polite, palavering Mexicans yet," observed Bud sagely, "that wasn't crooked. And this feller Aragon is mean, to boot. But that's a game," he added, "that two can play at. I don't know how you feel, Phil, but we been kinder creeping and slipping around so long that I'm all cramped up inside. Never suffered more in my life than the last sixty days—being polite to that damn Mexican. Now it's our turn. Are you game?"

"Count me in!" cried De Lancey, rising from his rock. "What's the play?"

"Well, we'll go into town pretty soon," grinned Bud, "and if I run across old Aragon, or any one of them four bad Mexicans, I'm going to make a show. And as for that big brindle dog of his—well, he's sure going to get roped and drug if he don't mend his ways. Come on, let's ketch up our horses and go in for a little time!"

"I'll go you!" agreed Phil with enthusiasm, and half an hour later, each on his favorite horse, they were clattering down the canyon. At the turn of the trail, where it swung into the Aragon lane, Bud took down his rope and smiled in anticipation.

"You go on ahead," he said, shaking out his loop, "and I'll try to put the catgut on Brindle."

"Off like a flash!" answered De Lancey, and, putting the spurs to his nery bay, he went dashing down the street, scattering chickens and hogs in all directions. Behind came Bud, rolling jovially in his saddle, and as the dogs rushed out after his pardner he twirled his loop once and laid it skilfully across the big brindle's back. But roping dogs is a difficult task at best, and Bud was out of practise. The sudden blow struck Brindle to the ground and the loop came away unfilled. The Texan laughed, shifting in his saddle.

"Come again!" commented Bud, leaning sidewise as he coiled his rope, and as the womenfolk and idlers came rushing to see what had happened he turned Copper Bottom in his tracks and came back like a streak of light.

"Look out, you ugly man's dog!" he shouted, whirling his rope as he rode; and then, amid a chorus of indignant protests, he chased the yelping Brindle down the lane and through a hole in the fence. Then, with no harm done, he rode back up the street, smiling amiably and looking for more dogs to rope.

In the door of the store stood Aragon, pale with fury, but Bud appeared

"No, Senor," Said Hooker, Dropping His Hand to His Six-Shooter.

not to see him. His eyes were turned rather toward the house where, on the edge of the veranda, Gracia Aragon and her mother stood staring at his antics.

"Good morning to you, ladies!" he saluted, taking off his sombrero with a flourish; "lovely weather, ain't it?" And with his tongue in his cheek and a roguish glance at Aragon, who was struck dumb by this last effrontery, he went rollicking after his pardner, sending back a series of joyous yips.

"Now that sure does me good," he confided to Phil, as they rode down between cottonwoods and struck into the muddy creek. "No sense in it, but it gets something out of my system that has kept me from feeling glad. Did you see me bowing to the ladies? Some class to that bow—no? You want to look out—I got my eye on that gal, and I'm sure a hard one to head. Only thing is, I wouldn't like the old man for a father-in-law the way matters stand between us now."

He laughed boisterously at this witticism, and the little Mexican children, playing among the willows, crouched and lay quiet like rabbits. Along the sides of the rocky hills, where the peons had their mud-and-rock houses, mothers came anxiously to open doors; and as they jogged along up the river the Chinese gardeners, working in each separate nook and eddy of the storm-washed creekbed, stopped grubbing to gaze at them inquiringly.

"Wonder what's the matter with them chinks?" observed Bud, when his happiness had ceased to effervesce; "they sit up like a village of prairie dogs! Whole country seems to be on the rubber neck. Must be something doing."

"That's right," agreed Phil; "did you notice how those peons scattered when I rode down the street? Maybe there's been some insurrectos through. But say—listen!"

He stopped his horse, and in the silence a bugle-call came down the wind from the direction of Fortuna.

"Soldiers!" he said. "Now where did they come from? I was in Fortuna day before yesterday, and—well, look at that!"

From the point of the hill just ahead of them a line of soldiers came into view, marching two abreast, with a mounted officer in the lead.

"Aha!" exclaimed Bud with conviction; "they've started something down below. This is that bunch of federals that we saw drilling up at Agua Negra."

"Yep," admitted De Lancey regretfully; "I guess you're right for once—the open season for rebels has begun."

They drew out of the road and let them pass—a long, double line of shabby infantrymen, still wearing their last year's straw hats and summer uniforms and trudging along in flapping sandals.

In front were two men bearing lanterns, to search out the way by night; slatternly women, the inevitable camp-followers, trotted along at the sides with their bundles and babies; and as the little brown men from Zacatecas, each burdened with his heavy gun and a job lot of belts and packs, shuffled patiently past the Americans, they flashed the whites of their eyes and rumbled a chorus of "Adios!"

"Adios, Americanos!" they called, gazing enviously at their fine horses, and Phil in his turn touched his hat and wished them all Godspeed.

"Poor devils!" he murmured, as the last tottering camp-followers, laden with their burdens, brought up the rear and a white-skinned Spanish officer saluted from his horse; "what do those little pelones know about liberty and justice, or the game that is being played? Wearing the same uniforms that they had when they fought for Diaz, and now they are fighting for Madero. Next year they may be working for Orozco or Huerta or Salazar."

"Sure," muttered Bud; "but that ain't the question. If they's rebels in the hills, where do we get off?"

CHAPTER XI.

The plaza at Fortuna, ordinarily so peaceful and sleepy, was alive with hurrying men when Bud and Phil reached town. Over at the station a special engine was wheezing and blowing after its heavy run and, from the train of commandeered ore cars behind, a swarm of soldiers were leaping to the ground. On the porch of the hotel Don Juan de Dios Brachamonte was making violent signals with his hands, and as they rode up he hurried out to meet them.

"My gracious, boys," he cried, "it's a good thing you came into town! Bernardo Bravo has come over the mountains and he's marching to take Moctezuma!"

"Why, that doesn't make any difference to us!" answered Phil. "Moctezuma is eighty miles from here—and look at all the soldiers. How many men has Bernardo got?"

"Well, that I do not know," responded Don Juan; "some say more and some less, but if you boys hadn't come in I would have sent a man to fetch you. Just as soon as a revolution begins the back country becomes unsafe for Americans. Some of these low characters are likely to murder you if they think you have any money."

"Well, we haven't," put in Bud; "but we've got a mine—and we're going to keep it, too."

"Aw, Bernardo Bravo hasn't got any men!" scoffed Phil; "I bet this is a false alarm. He got whipped out of his boots over in Chihuahua last fall, and he's been up in the Sierra Madres ever since. Probably come down to steal a little beef.

"Why, Don Juan, Bud and I lived right next to a trail all last year and if we'd listened to one-tenth of the revoltoso stories we heard we wouldn't have taken out an ounce of gold. I'm going to get my denouncement papers tomorrow, and I'll bet you we work that mine all summer and never know the difference. These rebels won't hurt you any, anyhow!"

"No! Only beg a little grub!" added Bud scornfully. "Come on, Phil; let's go over and look at the soldiers—it's that bunch of Yaquis we saw up at Agua Negra."

They tied their horses to the rack and, leaving the solicitous Don Juan to sputter, hurried over to the yard. From the heavy metal ore cars, each a rolling fortress in itself, the last of the active Yaquis were helping out their women and pet dogs, while the rest, talking and laughing in high spirits, were strung out along the track in a perfunctory line.

If the few officers in command had ever attempted to teach them military discipline, the result was not apparent in the line they formed; but any man who looked at their swarthy faces, the hawklike profiles, and deep-set, steady eyes, would know that they were fighters.

After all, a straight line on parade has very little to do with actual warfare and these men had proved their worth under fire.

To be sure, it was the fire of Mexican guns, and perhaps that was why the officers were so quiet and unassertive; for every one of these big, upstanding Indians had been captured in the Yaqui wars and deported to the henequen fields of Yucatan to die in the miasma and heat.

But they had come from a hardy breed and the whirligig of fortune was flying fast—Madero defeated Porfirio Diaz; fresh revolutions broke out against the victor and, looking about in desperation for soldiers to fill his ranks, Madero fell upon the Yaquis.

Trained warriors for generations, of a race so fierce that the ancient Aztecs had been turned aside by them in their empire-founding migration, they were the very men to whip back the rebels, if he could but win them to his side.

So Madero had approached Chief Bule, whom Diaz had taken under a flag of truce, and soon the agreement was made. In return for faithful service, Mexico would give back to the Indians the one thing they had been fighting a hunrded and sixty years to attain, their land along the Rio Yaqui; and there they should be permitted to live in peace as their ancestors had done before them.

And so, with a thousand or more of his men, the crafty old war chief had taken service in the federal army, though his mind, poisoned perhaps by the treachery he had suffered, was not entirely free from guile.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

COURTESY ALL TOO SCARCE

Cleveland Man Set Fine Example of the Duty of a Gentleman to the Fair Sex.

The youthful Walter Raleigh spreading his velvet cloak on muddy walk for his queen to pass, is a pleasant historical picture. But the heart of a courteous gentleman may beat under the blouse of a workingman as well as under the cloak of a courtier.

Last November the city of Cleveland, O., was cut off from the outer world by the worst storm of wind and sleet and snow in its history. Traction lines and railways were tied up for several days. Four days after the storm, a woman reached Cleveland to visit her sister. She knew that the cars were not yet running on the line she wished to take, and so she took a car on another line that would take her to the city limits, where she hoped to connect with a car that would take her where she wanted to go.

Forty minutes later she stepped from the car at the edge of the city. Between her and the curbstone a wide stream of water six or eight inches deep was running. As she looked helplessly about, a workingman whose hair was touched with gray left a group on the sidewalk, waded out to her and said: "Madam, you don't know me, and I don't know you, but if you'll let me, I'll be glad to help you to the sidewalk." She thanked him, and he took her suitcase to the curb, splashed back, and taking her up in his arms, waded with her to the walk. There he put her down dry-shod, carried her suitcase into a near-by store, and told her he would tell her when her car came; for he was also waiting for it.

Two hours later he waded with the suit case to the long-delayed car, returned, and splashed once more through the stream of melting snow as he carried her to the step. Then he said: "I hope you'll be all right," and took a place at the opposite end of the car.—Youth's Companion.

Daily Thought.

As the flowers carry dewdrops, trembling on the edge of the petals, and ready to fall at the first waft of wind or brush of wing of bird, so the heart should carry its beaded words of thanksgiving, and at the first breath of heavenly favor let down the shower perfumed with the heart's gratitude. —Beecher.

JUDGE GARY DEAD

EARNEST GARY, SENIOR CIRCUIT JUDGE PASSES AWAY IN COLUMBIA.

LONG TIME IN BAD HEALTH

He Was in His Twenty-Third Year of Continuous Service on the South Carolina Bench.

Columbia.—Ernest Gary, judge of the Fifth circuit, died shortly after noon recently at his home, 1520 Gervais street, Columbia, in the 56th year of his age and in his 23rd year of continuous service on the bench. He was the senior circuit judge among the 13, his election having antedated by some years that of the judge next him in point of seniority. Judge Gary had been in bad health for several years.

The funeral services were held at the residence in the evening at 6 o'clock. The interment took place in Elmwood cemetery.

Judge Gary was born January 29, 1859, at Cokesbury. He was the second son of the late Franklin F. Gary, M. D. His father was a surgeon in the Confederate States army during the War Between the Sections, was for several terms a member of the general assembly, was chairman of the state board of health, was president of the South Carolina Medical Association and in Masonry was most excellent grand high priest. "Quick perceptions, studious habits and a most genial disposition characterized Doctor Gary and made him many friends. He became a member of the general assembly in 1886, was re-elected in 1888 and again in 1890 and served in the house of representatives with conspicuous ability; notably as chairman of the judiciary committee. He was also county chairman of the Democratic party in Edgefield, was a delegate to several Democratic state conventions and in 1892 was an elector-at-large on the Democratic national ticket.

Gen. Joseph Brevard Kershaw of Camden, having declined re-election as judge of the Fifth judicial circuit, Ernest Gary was elected by the joint assembly in 1892 to succeed him and since then as his several terms have expired he has been re-elected.

Judge Gary was one of nine children born to his parents. Surviving him from among these is Mrs. James M. Eason of Charleston, with two brothers, Eugene Blackburn Gary and Frank Boyd Gary, both of Abbeville. E. B. Gary has been at various times lieutenant governor of South Carolina and associate justice of the state supreme court, of which tribunal he is at this time the chief justice. F. B. Gary, now judge of the Eighth judicial circuit, was a member of the constitutional convention of 1895, served three terms in the general assembly, during part of which time he was speaker of the house of representatives; and was elected by the joint assembly as United States senator to fill the unexpired term of Asbury C. Latimer, deceased.

Insurance in South Carolina.

Columbia.—"Insurance as an Incident to Banking" was elucidated in an addresse delivered by F. H. McMaster, insurance commissioner of South Carolina, at the annual convention of the South Carolina Bankers' Association. Mr. McMaster made general assertions relative to the insurance business and applied these principles to the history of insurance in this state. He stated the conditions that had arisen, and then spoke of how the insurance companies could invest their money in South Carolina.

Instructor in Domestic Science.

Columbia.—Mis Amelia Webster, a trained nurse and masseuse, who has resided in Columbia for the past year, will go to Fletcher, N. C., July 10, to consult with the faculty of the Naples Agricultural and Normal School, an institution for the training of the mountain boys and girls, some of whom will go out as teachers in the more remote rural districts. Miss Webster, who is a graduate of Battle Creek sanitarium, is a woman of wide experience and will accept a position as instructor in domestic science.

Sumter Enjoys Aviation.

Sumter.—The popular amusement in Sumter these afternoons is to motor to the aviation field and watch the experimental flights. E. A. Robbins of North Carolina about six weeks ago brought to Sumter his aeroplane, leased some space in the buildings of the Sumter Electrical Company, took his machine to pieces and rebuilt it. Mr. Robbins is an aviator of several years' experience and this is his fifth machine. His flights are not made for spectacular purposes, but for scientific purposes.

Weather Man Returns.

Columbia. — Richard H. Sullivan, section director of the United States weather bureau, has returned from a trip of inspection over the Congaree and Wateree rivers and the land lying round-about. This was done so that he can estimate how much land is covered by the water when the gauge registers at various water levels. Mr. Sullivan stated that the rainfall had caused the river to rise and that boats could steam up the river now without fear of the sandbars.

Sumter Wants Inspection.

Columbia.—William F. Robertson, city manager of Sumter; J. H. Forbes, health officer, and the Sumter Chamber of Commerce have sent invitations to H. R. Carter, M. D., R. C. Derivaux, D. M. Malloy and H. A. Taylor, members of the United States public health service, to visit Sumter and study the conditions there in regard to malaria and the mosquito. These invitations passed through the hands of J. A. Hayne, M. D., and have been sent to the government experts with the recommendations.

THE KITCHEN CABINET

You are writing a gospel—a chapter a day,
By works that you do and words that you say;
Men read what you write, whether faithless or true—
Say, what is the Gospel according to You?

—E. E. Higley.

HELPFUL IDEAS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Improved Hamburger Steak.—Chop a pound of round steak, season with salt and pepper, a grating of nutmeg, a pinch of ground cloves, one egg beaten light and a small onion chopped fine and one cupful of boiled rice. Mix well, make into cakes and cook as usual over coals or pan broil. This amount will make neat cakes to serve seven or eight people, provided they are not too hungry, and there are other good things served.

Poached Eggs New York Style.—Mix small cubes of chicken breast with fresh mushrooms, pimentoes and a little Mornay sauce. Spread a thin layer on earthen au gratin dishes, set a poached egg above, cover with Mornay sauce, mixed with a little tomato puree and a dash of paprika. Sprinkle with grated Swiss or Parmesan cheese. Set in a hot oven an instant and serve at once.

Mornay Sauce.—Put three tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan, when bubbling hot add three tablespoonfuls of flour, salt and pepper, about a half-tablespoonful of salt and a cup and a half of consomme, chicken or veal broth. Add a fourth of a cupful of Gruyere or Parmesan cheese and stir until melted.

Chop Suey.—Take a pound of lean pork from the shoulder, cut in small pieces, three large onions, three stalks of celery, a handful of mushrooms, cut fine, two tablespoonfuls of cornstarch, two tablespoonfuls of black molasses. Put a little butter into a kettle and when hot, drop in the meat, cover and simmer. Then add the vegetables, add a teaspoon of salt and simmer until the vegetables are done. Mix the molasses and cornstarch together with half a cup of warm water, add and cook until well done. For those who do not like the Japanese sauce this recipe will be enjoyed.

When bread is thoroughly cooled wrap each loaf in waxed paper and put away in a bread box. Each loaf may be handled in the paper and any portion left wrapped and kept moist.

God will not look you over for medals, diplomas and degrees, but for scars. The welfare of the human race demands that mothers should extend and widen their mental visions. All which tends to enlarge woman's mentality is good and that which tends to limit, repress or suppress her is bad.

NATIONAL SANDWICHES.

Russian.—Slice some cold roast venison and spread over it a paste made of hard boiled egg yolks, rubbed with butter; season with pepper, salt and minced celery and serve on round pieces of bread.

German.—Steam weinerwursts about ten minutes, skin and turn into a meat dish; mix with finely chopped onion and enough tomato catsup to moisten; lay thickly between buttered slices of brown bread.

Yankee.—Mince sturgeon, hard cooked eggs, water cress, parsley or lettuce with French mustard; spread this on nutmeg dusted, buttered slices of bread.

Scotch.—Blend three tablespoonfuls of butter, one tablespoonful of prepared mustard, salt, pepper and yolk of egg; stir into this minced lamb, lay on rye bread cut thin and buttered.

Parisian.—Mince turtle meat, terrapin or frogs' legs which have been cooked, mix with mayonnaise dressing and spread on lettuce leaves, put between slices of French bread, cut thin and well buttered.

Bohemian.—Chop up very fine any kind of wild fowl, bird or game meat that has been boiled or roasted. Put it in a saucepan with sufficient gravy to soften it; add a piece of butter, pepper, celery and mild spices; while heating, mix these ingredients to a smooth paste; when cold spread on slices of stale bread. A few drops of lemon juice squeezed over the sandwich before putting the slices together improves the sandwich.

Scandinavian. — Fresh herring, cooked or smoked may be used, pounded with hard cooked egg yolks in a mortar, season with salt, pepper and cream; spread on buttered biscuits.

Nellie Maxwell.

Pearls and Rubies.

Pearls may be found nearly anywhere in waters inhabited by oysters or mussels. Some of Canada's fresh water pearls have a fairly high value. The Mississippi has also yielded valuable pearls. Rubies have usually come from the East—India or Ceylon—though South America has furnished some good specimens. Oil wells are really excavations into underlying lakes or "fields" of petroleum, generally found on this continent just above the Trenton limestone formation.

Contradiction Habit Strong.

It is reported of a well-known professor of history at Harvard college that whenever one wants to find him, all he has to do is to go into the college yard and make a statement about some fact in history, whereupon the professor will immediately come out and contradict it.

Real Melody.

"A cross between a hymn and a comic song," was a policeman's description of a toper's melody in Chesterfield (England) market-place.